

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 356.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1838.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

HAARLEM.

THE Rhine, after passing through Leyden, traverses a rich level country carefully sectioned in polders, and at the distance of eight or nine miles falls into the German Ocean at Katwyk. About a thousand years since, the mouth of the river was so much blocked up by a barrier of drifted sand, that the waters could only filter their way to the sea, and all passage of vessels was stopped. About the year 1809, M. Conrad, a French engineer, was employed to restore a free passage for the river, which he effectually accomplished, and his work remains one of the proudest monuments of scientific skill. The river is managed as an artificial canal, and is furnished with several pairs of gates of enormous size and strength, to serve as sluices. When the tide rises, the gates are shut; and when it ebbs, the gates are thrown open, so as to allow the exit of the accumulated waters. It is reckoned that a hundred thousand cubic feet of water passes out in a second on the opening of these stupendous sluices, and the rush or flood is so powerful that it clears away all accumulations of sand in the channel.

In pursuing our route from Leyden to Haarlem, we had occasion to cross the Rhine, but this branch of it is comparatively so insignificant, that it does not appear to differ from an ordinary canal. The road, which pursues a north-easterly direction, and extends to a length of twelve miles, proceeds through a fertile district, partially wooded, and enlivened with villages and gentlemen's houses. A large and elegant mansion, in the midst of a piece of pleasing park scenery, at the distance of half a mile from the road, was pointed out to us as a principal seminary for the education of the Roman Catholic clergy. As we approach Haarlem, the quantity of wood increases; and through openings in the villa plantations on our right, we were able to have glimpses of the large sheet of water, called, by the Dutch, *Haarlemmer Meer* (pronounced *Mair*), or the Haarlem Sea.

Passing through an avenue of lofty trees in the midst of a woody park, we entered Haarlem by a handsome modern gateway, and drove to a hotel in the market-place in the centre of the town. Haarlem is, in external appearance, unlike the other Dutch cities which we had previously seen. It has an ancient and somewhat dingy aspect. The architecture of some of the houses is remarkably picturesque, with steeply pointed gables, and the roofs show several rows of small attic windows, like what one is accustomed to see in old Flemish pictures. The streets are arranged in an irregular manner, with cross alleys and back courts, and few of them have havens in the centre, which is quite a singularity in a Dutch town. The number of its inhabitants is at present 21,000, which is greatly below what it formerly contained.

Eight hundred years ago, during the period of the Crusades, Haarlem was a town of importance, and it makes a conspicuous figure in the history of the war with the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. At this latter period it was fortified with brick walls, parts of which, with an old gateway, still remain inside the cingel. The defence which it made when besieged by the Spanish army commanded by General Toledo, son of the ferocious Alva, was as heroic as that of Leyden. It stood out for the space of seven months, from December 1572 till July 1573, during which period all classes of inhabitants endured the severest privations. The garrison, at length, perceiving that a general death from starvation must inevitably ensue, resolved to rush out, and, with the women and children in the midst of them, cut their way through the camp of the enemy. The Spaniards, it seems,

being alarmed at the report of this daring proposal, dispatched a flag of truce, with an offer of honourable terms of surrender. Reduced to the brink of despair, the citizens of Haarlem accepted the offer, and the town and its arms were delivered up; but as soon as this was done, a slaughter of the inhabitants was commenced, by order of the perfidious Toledo. This monster in human form planted four executioners on scaffolds in the market-place, and delivered to them a host of the most respectable inhabitants, including all the soldiers of the garrison and Protestant clergy, with orders that they should be ignominiously put to death. The executioners, in obedience to this mandate, had butchered two thousand individuals, when, growing tired of their horrid employment, they tied the remaining victims two and two, and had them thus thrown like dogs into the Sea of Haarlem, where they were drowned. This diabolical transaction, which stamps eternal disgrace on Toledo and the cause which he espoused, was productive of the best results to the Dutch. It filled up the measure of detestation in which they beheld their oppressors, and the religion which was attempted to be forced upon them. Occurring at the time when Leyden was suffering a blockade from General Valdez, it inspired the citizens and soldiers of that unhappy town with a phrenzied heroism which rose above physical privations, and was a main cause of their ultimate deliverance. Haarlem again fell into the hands of the Dutch, four years afterwards.

In walking through the streets of Haarlem, we saw a rather curious memorial of these disastrous times. At the sides of the doors of various houses, hung a small neatly framed board, on which was spread a piece of fine lace-work of an oval form, resembling the top of a lady's cap with a border; the object, indeed, on a casual inspection, might have been taken for a lady's cap hung out to dry. Beneath it, to show the transparency of the lace, there is placed a piece of pink paper or silk. On asking the meaning of these exhibitions, I was informed that they originated in a circumstance which occurred at the siege of Haarlem. Before surrendering the town, a deputation of aged matrons waited on the Spanish general, to know in what manner the women who were at the time in childbirth should be protected from molestation, in case of the introduction of the soldiery; and he requested, that at the door of each house containing a female so situated, an appropriate token should be hung out, and promised that that house should not be troubled. This, according to the tradition, was attended to, and till the present day every house in which there is a female in this condition is distinguished in the manner I have mentioned. The lace is hung out several weeks previous to the expected birth, and hangs several weeks afterwards, a small alteration being made as soon as the sex of the child at birth is known. I was further assured, that during the time which is allowed for these exhibitions, the house is exempted from all legal execution, and that the husband cannot be taken to serve as a soldier.* My

* I asked our conductor, who belonged to the town, "If these pieces of lace-work were ever stolen or injured by evil-disposed boys." I wish I could convey to the reader an idea of the surprise which the man's face manifested on his hearing such a question. The possibility of the commission of such an atrocity had evidently never before entered his mind. He declared that he never heard of such a thing, and that he believed if a boy were to steal or injure these things, the inhabitants would view the crime with the deepest detestation, and inflict the severest punishment on the delinquent. This I present as a trait of manners. Such articles could not be safely trusted at the doors of houses in any town in Britain, where even bell-handles and knockers are with difficulty preserved.

taking a drawing of one of these droll-looking emblems, afforded evidently a good deal of amusement to a number of females who were passing, and as my interpreter mentioned, they were expressing surprise that such things should be looked on as strange by an Englishman. How illustrative of the universal weakness of mankind, in seeing nothing remarkable in their own conduct or customs!

Let us now, after this bit of gossip, return to the market-place of Haarlem, which abounds in interesting features. At the south-eastern corner stands the church of St Bavon, a vast Gothic structure with a prodigiously high square tower; and on the north side of the church on the open street, is planted the statue of Lawrence Coster, the assumed discoverer of the art of printing. Westward from the church on the same side is an exceedingly ancient house, with a richly pinnacled front, which is now used as the flesh-market. And across the west end of the Place is built the Stadthouse, a structure fully as interesting as that at Leyden. Let the reader conceive the remainder of the parallelogram to be filled up with private houses, shops, and hotels, and at each corner a street diverging off to a different quarter of the town, and he has a perfect idea of this ancient Place. Of course, the centre is entirely open and paved, which gives a dignity and a roominess that are not perceivable in our English squares.

As Haarlem forms a link in the series of towns from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, it is visited by all travellers proceeding to the latter city, and is usually stopped at for a few hours, with a view of hearing the great organ, from which the town has derived so much celebrity. I had heard and read so much about this wonderful organ, that my curiosity was greatly excited; and I stood with no small degree of impatience at the door of the Hotel du Couronne, looking across the way to St Bavon's, where the public are admitted freely at the hour of noon to hear the instrument played. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, the great doors at the west end of the church were thrown open, and about two hundred persons of all classes, native and foreign, were admitted to the interior of the august building. As in the case of all the churches I had seen, the interior of St Bavon's has a bare stripped appearance, being denuded of its ancient Romish trappings, and yet not furnished in the comfortable style of the ecclesiastical edifices of England. A handsome brass screen separating the choir from the transepts, is the only ornament that tends to diminish the bare aspect of St Bavon's. The seating for the Presbyterian service is in the nave only, and the organ, to which all eyes turn, is placed, like that at Rotterdam, at the west end of this part of the building, over the doorway, so as to fill up the end of the church. In architectural elegance, it surpasses that at Rotterdam. The pipes, of which there are three tiers rising in elegant proportions, are of black tin, and set in light fawn-coloured wood. The whole of the stupendous mass rests on a number of white and black marble pillars, and is highly ornamented in different parts with figures. On the topmost pinnacle is the king's arms in bold relief. Immediately beneath the organ, and between two masses of pillars, is placed a group of figures as large as life in white marble, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, executed by Xavery of Haarlem, a living artist. They form unquestionably the best specimens of modern sculpture in Holland, and are among the most beautiful objects of art I have ever seen.

While some of the many strangers continued lounging through the wilderness of empty side aisles, and others were seating themselves on the rush-bottomed

chairs in the nave, the organ began to sound. First, a voluntary was played, to bring out the loud strong tones; then followed a tune in the softest and most melting strain; after which, a quick air was given, involving a wide variety of notes. In playing one of the airs, a tone closely resembling the human voice was occasionally brought out from the vox humana pipe, and was quite thrilling in its effect when blended with the sweet warbling of the lesser tones. Altogether the effect was striking, and calculated to excite the most pleasing emotions. But it fell short of my expectations in point of sublimity; and at the close of the display, it was my conviction that the tones of several large organs in England are upon the whole much finer. The instrument consists of nearly 5000 pipes, some of them of fifteen inches in diameter and thirty-two feet in length. After the church was cleared of the throng, we were, at our solicitation, conducted by the coster or keeper to the great tower which springs from the centre of the edifice, and which we ascended to the height of three hundred feet. From an external stone parapet at this altitude, we obtained a most extensive view eastwards across the Haarlem Sea, on the farther side of which the towers of Amsterdam were conspicuous; northwards rose the sand-hills on the coast, shutting out the view of the ocean; and in all other quarters the country was seen spread out like a richly planted park or garden.

Most travellers hurry so fast through Haarlem, that they learn little or nothing regarding it. It was my design to avoid this error, and to spend at least a day perambulating its environs, which are renowned for their tulip-gardens, and also in making some minute inquiries regarding its schools. From the church of St. Bavon's we proceeded to the house of Mr. Prinsen, situated in a back lane of the town, with the hope of being admitted to inspect the Normal School Establishment, or Royal Seminary for the training of Schoolmasters, of which Mr. Cousin speaks so favourably. Here we seemed likely at first to meet with a disappointment, for Mr. Prinsen had been recently so much offended by a certain statement in a report of his school laid by Mr. Nichols before Parliament, that he refused to receive any individual from the same country. It was with no small difficulty that my friend contrived to mollify him. He at length rose, and threw open a door which led into a neat, moderately large apartment, where a model school was in full operation. From this we were led into another, and so on through several apartments. In each were about thirty children, under the charge of a young man, who, in this giving instructions, was serving a species of apprenticeship to Mr. Prinsen. At present there are thirty young men under training. During the day they attend the various schools in the town, to obtain a practical knowledge of the art of teaching, and for two or three hours in the evening they attend Mr. Prinsen for fresh instruction. The schools in Mr. Prinsen's house appear only to exist as model institutions for the special training and exercise of the young schoolmasters. The individuals under his care are usually lads who have shown peculiar tact when appointed to act as monitors, and they receive a small salary from government during the period of their probation, which lasts four years.

Mr. Prinsen is director of all the schools in Haarlem and its vicinity, and, according to his own statement, he is independent of the general school commission, and even of the minister of public instruction; he appeared to me to be an enthusiast in education, whom the government is willing to leave to work out his own plans of instruction, and to use his own school-books, of which he has published several, which are in use both in his own schools and others in some of the provinces. His system of teaching consists, firstly, of instructing children in the alphabet, syllables, and words, by means of moveable letters in a frame—thus admitting of endless combination, as in the case of types. Secondly, the sounds and powers of the letters are taught by means of sensible objects, as, for instance, teaching the sound of the letter *t* by the figure of a *ty*, and causing the children to repeat the word *ty* slowly; after which, explaining that the final sound of the word is the name and power of the letter. Thirdly, he exercises the pupils in the meaning of the words, as, for example, the *ty* just mentioned, causing them to tell all they know about the animal, and helping them by his own information. He lastly exercises them on all this afterwards, so as to oblige them to reflect on the subject, and thus exercise their mental faculties and memories. This mode of exercising on words, so as to elicit thought, is pursued through all the subsequent lessons, and it is what Mr. Prinsen considers as the most important feature of his system. It is precisely the same plan with what is called the intellectual mode of teaching in Britain.

From the model schools we were taken by Mr. Prinsen to a large Tusschen School in the neighbourhood, which is, of course, conducted according to his plans. It contains 230 children, who pay a small fee for instruction. One child from a family pays 3d., two pay 5d., and three pay 6d. a-week. The pupils are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, Bible history, and music. It was gratifying to observe the quietness and order that prevailed in this school; there was none of that noisy hum which one hears in approaching the door of a school in Britain. Habits of cleanliness and order are strictly enforced at all the Dutch schools, and in this respect they are far

in advance of our unruly seminaries, from which the children too frequently rush like a drove of cattle, and behave themselves out of doors as if all that they learnt within went for nothing.

The master of the Tusschen School was a particularly agreeable and intelligent person, who showed the highest pleasure in exhibiting the progress of his pupils, and explaining the plans upon which he cultivated their latent energies. Having seen all that was necessary, I as usual questioned him on the subject of religious instruction. He answered, that he took every occasion of enforcing the principle of religious and moral obligation, when such a theme was appropriate in the exercises on words and sentiments in the lessons, but that no catechism or religious work formed a part of the course of instruction. The following conversation now ensued between us, through my excellent interpreter:—"Where are your pupils taught the doctrines and other essential matters in religion?" "All are taught these things by the clergymen to whose congregations their parents belong." "How is this managed?" "Two hours a-week are allowed for their attendance at the clergymen's houses or churches, but I don't interfere in the matter, and leave parents to manage these affairs with their priests." "Do you know how the children in the school are divided into sects; that is, how many in each?" "Oh, no, I never inquire of what religion a child is when it is sent to me; indeed, I cannot help feeling surprised how you should ask such a strange question." I told him that I was governed by no idle curiosity in asking these questions; that I was much gratified in observing the fervent piety and orderly manners of the Dutch, and therefore was interested in the manner of their religious education; that if he had no objections, I should like to be permitted to ask the children, one after the other, to what religious party they belonged. This was good-humouredly agreed to. Selecting the first form in front, he began at the topmost boy, and bidding him stand up, asked him in a kindly way what religion he was of. The child uttered the word "Romsch;" the next said "Reformaire;" and so did the third; the fourth was a Jew; then followed Mennonite (Baptist) and Lutheran—and so on, there was a mixture of all sects as far as we went. "I am now perfectly satisfied; I see that there is a thorough mixture of all sects in the school. But may I ask if they ever taunt or abuse each other on account of their religion?" "No," replied the teacher, "they never to my knowledge do such a thing; in all my experience I never heard of such a thing." This closed the conversation, and we retired.

We now paid a visit to a large Armen School, consisting of about 800 children, in two apartments. Here there is the same routine of instruction as at the Tusschen School, though not carried to the same extent, and here the very same arrangements exist regarding religious instruction. I observed in this school, for the first time, that the children are allowed, for the space of one hour in the day, to make drawings of figures in nature or art on their slates. This is a delightful indulgence to them, and we found them all as happy as possible, making figures of horses, trees, flowers, and other things, which they partly copied from pictures on the walls, and partly drew from their own natural tastes. This indulgence, I need hardly say, is perfectly in agreement with the exercise of a useful faculty in our mind, and must be productive of benefit to the pupil. As I walked amidst the rows of little Dutch boys and girls, and witnessed the pleasure they experienced when I smiled an approval of their labours, I could not help comparing what I saw with my own unhappy school days, when the drawing of a figure on a slate was visited with a punishment suitable to a high moral transgression.

I am afraid that these must prove but dry details to many of my readers, but I promise them that they shall not be again troubled with any thing about schools till I get to Amsterdam, and then not much either, for I was now pretty well satisfied on the subject, and felt convinced that I had seen all that was worth seeing in the national system of instruction.

We may now proceed to the tulip-gardens of Haarlem. The sun shone in cloudless splendour as we walked through the western suburbs of the town, and emerged on the road which had brought us from Leyden on the previous day. A few steps carried us into the piece of park scenery which lies in this quarter, and is only surpassed in beauty by the Bosch at the Hague. It is perfectly open to the public. Wander where you will in the avenues of tall beeches and elms, or in the smaller paths which cross the fields, no one hinders or molests you. At the head of a fine vista in the landscape, and at no great distance from the public road, stands a large elegant mansion in the Grecian style of architecture, styled the Pavilion. It was built upwards of thirty years ago by Mr. Hope, an eminent merchant of Amsterdam, who sold it, with the adjacent domain, to Louis Bonaparte, when king of Holland. At the peace which restored the old order of things, I believe the property was sequestered by the nation; but the case was litigated by Louis, on the plea that he had bought it with his own money. How this affair was settled, was not explained to me; at present, the house seems shut up, and is designed to form an institution for the exhibition of the works of living Dutch painters.

Adjacent to the grounds of the Pavilion, and lying in a south-westerly direction from the town, are the

famous tulip and flower gardens, or "Bloemen Gartin," as they are called on the various sign-boards over the entrances. Each garden is secluded from the public road by a high wall, or a brick house tidily painted; and when admitted, you find yourself in the midst of offices or warehouses devoted to the great business of drying and packing the roots. Thence, the garden stretches out to the length of perhaps a quarter of a mile by a breadth of a hundred yards, and is separated from other gardens, as well as frequently divided across, by partitions of wood six feet high. In the sunny square spots thus sectioned off, we perceive, according to the season, all the varieties of tulips, dahlias, hyacinths, ranunculuses, and various other flowers, also shrubs and plants. We were politely conducted by Mr. Krelage, one of the principal bloomists, over his extensive garden. I remarked that here, as elsewhere in Dutch flower-gardens, there is a practice of covering the surface of the ground with sand. All the flowers appear to grow from a soil like that of the sea-shore; but this is merely an exterior dressing; beneath the layer of sand the ground is rich and soft, like that of the best prepared flower beds. The drying-houses are filled with shelves in stands, on which are spread myriads of roots, and in adjacent apartments men are kept constantly busy packing for exportation. In packing, each root is first twisted into a small piece of paper, and then a hundred are put together in a paper bag, according to sorts. The bags are afterwards packed in cases, and are thus sent to all parts of the world. Mr. Krelage mentioned that he exported annually 100,000 hyacinths, 300,000 crocuses, 200,000 tulips, and 100,000 ranunculuses, besides many roots of other flowers.

In the present day, the exportation of all these flower-roots from Haarlem is a matter of sober trade, and is no way tainted with the wild speculative spirit which once characterised it. About two hundred years ago, as is well known, the roots of tulips became objects of such general interest, that to obtain a single root of some peculiar sort, cost a fortune. In 1637, they were actually converted into stock by a set of stockbrokers in Amsterdam, and keenly purchased, like shares in a favourite undertaking. According to the accounts given of this stockjobbing mania, one of the kinds of tulips, called the *Semper Augustus*, rose to the factitious value of two thousand florins for each root. Neither these, nor any other roots, however, were ever delivered, or passed from hand to hand; the whole of the sales and purchases were a series of gambling transactions, or speculations on the demand for the article, and were finally suppressed as illegal by the Dutch government. The greater part of the tulip roots now cultivated and sold by the bloomists of Haarlem are valued at about a florin, or twenty-pence each, though there are some much higher in price.

The north-eastern environs of Haarlem are enlivened by scenery of a different description. On this side of the town the land is lower, with a river or canal answering as a haven for barges, which carry on a communication with Amsterdam and the sea. The ancient defences of the town have on this side been removed, and the green embankments within the cingel are levelled, and planted with trees. The walks amidst these plantations are delightful in summer, and are much enjoyed by all classes of citizens in the evenings, and as a quiet retreat on Sunday afternoons. Here and there the walks jut out from below the trees, and offer seats for the contemplative promenade, at spots where a picturesque prospect is afforded of the water of the cingel, with its woody islets and serpentine windings, as well as of the fertile meadows on the opposite bank. In the midst of these meadows stand the ruins of the castle of Brederode, once the seat of a family which signalled itself in the struggle for Dutch independence, but now only a heap of broken walls overrun with the verdure of the plain. Close by the road which leads from the town to these public walks, and near the seat of traffic on the haven, an extensive cotton factory has been erected, and is now in full operation. I was informed that the king of Holland, who is most zealous in encouraging the introduction of manufactures into the country, has a share in the concern, which is conducted by a Scotchman, and is in the most prosperous condition. Steam-engines are employed, as at Glasgow or Manchester, to turn the machinery. The coal consumed here and elsewhere in manufacturing, is admitted from England free of duty. There are three factories of this kind at Haarlem, which employ two thousand individuals—men, women, and children. The weekly wages given to workmen in the factories amount to only twelve or thirteen shillings, and boys and girls get about one shilling and sixpence each. Low as these payments are, they are felt as a great blessing by the poor of Haarlem. The environs of the town also possess several extensive bleaching grounds for linens, and here were at one time prepared those fine fabrics which were long known in England by the name of Holland. It is said that the water round the town possesses some peculiar property for purifying cloth in the bleaching process.

Haarlem possesses a few private collections of pictures, and also a Museum of Natural History, but I had no desire to spend time in visiting them. The remainder of the day was consumed in rambling through the halls of the ancient *Stadthouse* at the head of the market-place, which had survived the bombardment and siege of 1573. A heavy flight of stone steps leads from the street to a large antechamber or hall, which is hung round with old grim pictures

of the Counts of Flanders, and communicates with inner rooms for the courts of justice and the meetings of the civic magistracy. One of these has a marble chimney-piece at each end, measuring at least eight feet high, and supported on pillars of the same material. Over each is a picture of Lawrence Coster, whom the town boasts of as a citizen who invented the art of printing. A figure of Coster in stone, as I have already mentioned, is placed at the foot of the marketplace near St Bavon's. In the various inscriptions connected with these representations, Coster is spoken of as "Haarlem's glory," and the town has in fact almost deified him. It is now, however, certain that Gutenberg was the first inventor of printing, notwithstanding the existence of very early executed works by Coster. But be this as it may, the Haarlemers have little to be proud of. Once celebrated for its printing, the town has suffered itself to be stripped of its character as a mart of literature; and only retains a limited manufacture of types, particularly those of the Hebrew and Greek character. At the present day its printing is of the poorest kind, and on a scale not more extensive than that of an English country town.

AERIAL VOYAGE TO NASSAU.

THE possibility of elevating solid bodies into the atmosphere, by attaching them to vessels filled with materials specifically lighter than the surrounding air, was first practically demonstrated, it is understood, by two brothers of the name of Montgolfier, natives of France. The machine used and invented by the Messrs Montgolfier was a fire-balloon, or one in which common air, rarified by heat, formed the material with which the ascending vessel was inflated. On the 21st of November 1783, human beings for the first time accomplished an ascent into the air, by means of a vessel of this kind. The aeronauts, or air-voyagers, were M. Rosier and the Marquis d'Arlande. On the 1st of December of the same year, another ascent took place, in a balloon of a much improved kind, hydrogen gas affording the means of inflation. Professor Charles of Paris, and M. Robert, were the first hydrogen aeronauts. Between that period and the present time, upwards of one thousand ascents have been made by different persons in balloons, and in nearly all of these cases, hydrogen, the lightest of æriform bodies, has been, either in a pure or partially mixed state, the material by means of which the ascension has been accomplished. Of the number of adventurers, amounting to more than four hundred and seventy persons, who have effected these ascents, England has supplied by much the largest proportion, and one Englishman, Mr Charles Green, has alone made two hundred and sixty ascents. Out of this ample catalogue of aerial voyages, only nine persons have fallen a sacrifice to the practice of ærostation, and six of these were victims of the fire-balloon; so that three deaths are all that are chargeable upon the art in its rational and accredited form. Even these misfortunes, however, might be shown to be attributable to a want of ordinary caution on the part of the victims, and not to the fair casualties of the art. The security, therefore, which has attended the practice of ærostation, must be held as very remarkable, considering that the science is as yet comparatively in its infancy.

Numerous remarkable voyages in the regions of air have been made since the art of ærostation was originally established in France. The Straits of Dover and the Irish Channel have been crossed at different times by enterprising aeronauts. But the most extraordinary voyage which has yet been made in air, is that performed in November 1836, by Messrs Charles Green, Monck Mason, and Robert Holland. The chief object of this expedition was to test the value of certain improvements which Mr Green's long practice in the art had led him to suggest. The balloon chosen for the enterprise was one of great size, built for the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens by Mr Green, and combining in its construction all that the knowledge and experience of this skilful aeronaut could contribute to its perfection. This balloon is described by Mr Monck Mason, who became the historian of this remarkable voyage, in the following terms:—"In shape it somewhat resembles a pear; its upright or polar diameter exceeding the transverse or equatorial by about one-sixth. The silk of which it is formed is of the very best quality, spun, wove, and dyed, expressly for the purpose; the utmost breadth of the gores, which are alternately white and crimson, is about forty-four inches; down the centre of each, and worked in the original fabric, runs a band or ridge of extra thickness, calculated to give additional strength to the texture of the material, and to arrest the progress of any rent or damage which might accidentally occur. The height of this enormous vessel is upwards of sixty feet; its breadth about fifty. When fully distended, it is capable of containing rather more than eighty-five thousand cubic feet of gas, and under ordinary circumstances is competent to raise about four thousand pounds, including its own weight and that of its accessories, which alone may be reckoned at about one-fourth of that sum." The car of this balloon is of wicker-work, and oval in form, measuring nine feet in length by four in breadth. Ten ropes suspend it to a hoop six feet in diameter, and which is composed of two strong circles of ash, bent by steam, and strengthened by a triple tier of cable, enclosed between them. This hoop again depends from a strong net-work, covering the whole balloon.

Such was the machine in which the three gentlemen mentioned ascended from Vauxhall Gardens at half past one P.M., on Monday the 7th of November 1836. Provisions, calculated for a fortnight's consumption in case of emergency, ballast (chiefly fine sand) in bags to the amount of upwards of a ton in weight, with barometers, telescopes, and a great quantity of other apparatus, had been all provided for the occasion, and the aeronauts had also taken the precaution to provide themselves with passports to various parts of the continent, whither they intended to direct their course. After rising from the ground, the balloon bore quickly away to the south-east, traversing in her course the cultivated plains of Kent. On arriving above Canterbury, a small parachute was lowered, with a letter addressed to the mayor, and which he safely received. Continuing their course, at a mean rate of twenty-five miles an hour, the aeronauts came in sight of the sea; but the accumulation of moisture on the vast machine, in consequence of the approach of evening, caused her altitude gradually to diminish, until a conversation could be carried on with people on the ground. One effect of this diminution of altitude was to change the course of the balloon, by bringing it into a new and inferior current of air, which tended considerably to the northward. As it was the object of the aeronauts to proceed as near Paris as circumstances would permit, Mr Green executed a successful manœuvre, which proves that the very circumstance of these varying currents existing at different heights, may be often turned to advantage in guiding balloons. He threw out ballast gradually to such an extent as enabled the balloon to rise again into the south-east current. "Nothing," says Mr M. Mason, "could exceed the beauty of this manœuvre, or the success with which the balloon acknowledged the influence of her former associate." The aeronauts soon found themselves once more progressing to the south-east, and in a short time they passed directly over Dover, and entered upon their course over the sea.

The increase of weight, arising from the humidity of the night air, was one point on which the discoveries of Mr Green, already noticed, chiefly bore. In order to obviate the depressing effect of the nocturnal moisture upon the balloon, Mr Green had provided a rope one thousand feet in length, the end of which he lowered from the car by means of a windlass. By the resting of this rope on the ground, the balloon, in such circumstances, is so relieved as to float at an equable height above the earth. The resting of the rope on the ground, acts, in short, like the throwing out of ballast, while, unlike other ballast, the rope is recoverable. Mr Green had repeatedly tried this experiment, and found that the trailing of the rope on the most uneven ground had never offered any material impediment to the course of the balloon. Scarcely, on this occasion, had the rope been lowered, when the aeronauts found themselves above the light of Calais, having crossed the straits in about an hour, and at an altitude of nearly three thousand feet. As it was now perfectly dark, a Bengal light was lowered to signify the passage of the balloon to the inhabitants of Calais. The aeronauts shortly after heard a drum beat, but whether as a reply to them or not, they could not tell. Preparations were now made for the rest and quietude of night. To the end of the rope lowered from the windlass, light copper vessels had been affixed, to suit the passage over the sea. These were raised and withdrawn, and a simple guide-rope, as it was named, lowered in its stead. The aeronauts then set themselves to allay the cravings of hunger, after a twelve hours' fast. Although they lighted a lamp, they had no fire, but in its place a little lime, which, on being slaked with water, gave forth sufficient heat to afford them a dish of warm coffee. This, with cold meat and a little wine, cheered them wonderfully, and many jokes were passed on the high flavour and exalted merits of the various viands.

"The night having now closed in, and no prospect of any assistance from the moon to facilitate our researches, it was only by means of the lights which, either singly or in masses, appeared spreading in every direction, that we could hope to take any account of the nature of the country we were traversing, or form any opinion of the towns or villages which were continually becoming subjected to our view. The scene itself was one which exceeds description. The whole plane of the earth's surface, for many and many a league around, as far, and farther than the eye could distinctly embrace, seemed absolutely teeming with the scattered fires of a watchful population, and exhibited a starry spectacle below, that almost rivalled in brilliancy the remoter lustre of the concave firmament above." In the distance, a large city presented the appearance of one confused conflagration; but on approaching it, the lights assumed the form of regular lines, and developed streets and squares in uniform order. Mr Monck Mason describes the passage over the city of Liege as extremely interesting. The guide-rope had for some time previously been trailing on the ground, and it was raised a little till they got over the city, when they again lowered it. They were at this time at no great distance from the ground, and could hear the voices of some persons still at work about the many manufactories in the environs of Liege. "Desirous to attract their attention, and to enjoy, in idea at least, the surprise with which so novel an apparition was well calculated to inspire them, we lighted and lowered a Bengal light nearly over their heads, at the same time addressing a few words to them

through the speaking-trumpet, alternately in the French and German languages, one or other of which we thought it most probable they would understand. The effect upon them was no doubt extreme, as we could readily perceive by the confusion which appeared to reign among them, and the hurried tone and elevated expressions which immediately succeeded this unexpected declaration of our presence. We did not, however, remain long to enjoy their confusion; a consideration of our own convenience, more than of theirs, inducing us to give them rather a sudden congé. Some sounds, betokening the presence of a steam-engine at work immediately before us, suggested the propriety of raising ourselves to such a height as to place the guide-rope beyond the chance of becoming entangled in some of the machinery. To add, therefore, to their confusion, while, lost in astonishment and drawn together by their mutual fears, they stood no doubt looking up to the object of their terrors, a large shower of sand (emptied from a ballast-bag) came tumbling down upon their heads, and the tail of the guide-rope at the same moment passing right in the midst of them, could not fail to raise their perplexity to the highest pitch." As the aeronauts had suspended an artificial firework beneath the car, the appearance of the balloon to those below would be that of a huge ball of slow-moving fire. This firework expired immediately after the scene related, and, consequently, to the eyes of the terrestrial spectators, the fiery object would at once disappear from the heavens.

As midnight approached, all became dark. The lights on the face of the earth became universally extinguished, and the balloon winged its course through intensest night. In this situation it was that the advantages of the guide-rope became fully appreciable. "Frequently, a difference in the altitude of the barometric column would manifest a change of several thousand feet in the balloon's course, while the guide-rope, continuing to trail upon the ground, would indicate an uniform distance from its surface, of somewhat less than its own extreme dimensions." When the rope began to climb a hill, the relieved balloon ascended in proportion. Occasional glimpses of country presented themselves to the travellers' eyes, but very indistinctly. One object puzzled them much in the darkness. It was a long white line, which they at first took to be a river, but which soon proved to be of a different character, from being always visible in the same point of view as the balloon proceeded. After long examination of this object, they at length discovered it to be one of the stay-ropes of the balloon, dangling at a distance of twenty-five feet from the car!

The night was very cold. The water, coffee, and oil, were frozen in the several vessels appropriated to them. But the effects produced on the persons of the aeronauts were not at all what might have been expected under such circumstances. They felt little or no discomfort from the cold, and this they justly attributed to the absence of all current in the air, coming in opposition to their bodies. It is only from some change in position—a rapid ascent, for example—that aeronauts are in general made aware of the true temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. Captain Back and others noticed the same phenomenon in the arctic regions, where persons, not exposed to air in motion, were enabled to endure without discomfort a very low temperature.

As the morning advanced, and objects on the earth began to be indistinctly visible, the balloon rose rapidly to a height of twelve thousand feet, the highest elevation attained on this voyage. At a quarter past six, the sun appeared once more to the aeronauts. Their great anxiety now was to discover in what part of the continent of Europe they were, because, although they knew the general direction of their course to have been south-easterly, they had no idea of the distance they had come. From having passed over what seemed to be large tracts of snow in the latter part of the night, they had some doubts whether or not they were over Germany, or had reached the wide plains of Poland. At first the morning mists were too thick to permit of any just conclusions on this subject. The balloon hovered in the air, commanding a prospect of seventy thousand square miles, as the aeronauts calculated. Some time after the sun had risen, being resolved to descend to earth again, the voyagers hauled in the guide-rope, got ready the cable and grapnel, and brought the balloon to a more humble level, by opening the valve. When they came within a short distance of the ground, they were delighted to perceive a country dotted with villages, and presenting every sign of complete cultivation; but, fearful lest it was too early to get assistance from the inhabitants, they continued for some time longer to hover in air. They finally fixed on a small grassy vale, between two wood-covered hills, as the scene of their descent; but the grapnel did not take hold in the middle of the vale, and the balloon was just being borne against the wooded declivity, when a quantity of ballast was thrown out, and the balloon rose with such rapidity as to clear the hill at a bound. By the discharge of more gas, they effected a landing safely, in another valley running parallel to the first, at half-past seven o'clock, after being eighteen hours in the air.

The inhabitants of the district had for some time been shyly and timidly watching the motions of the aeronauts, and after the landing was effected, they flocked to the spot from all quarters. The travellers now learnt that they were in the duchy of Nassau, about six miles from the town of Weilberg, distant

from London upwards of five hundred miles. With the assistance of the inhabitants, whose good services were secured by a liberal distribution of the brandy and other liquors of the car, the balloon was emptied and packed up by twelve o'clock. The aeronauts then proceeded with a car to Weilberg, where they experienced the kindest reception from the prince and people of Nassau. After spending a number of days there, the aeronauts travelled by Coblenz to Paris in a car, which journey formed a contrast in their eyes most favourable to aerial voyaging, both as regarded comfort and speed. After a time, the balloon with which this voyage was effected was brought back to Vauxhall Gardens, where it now passes under the name of the Nassau Balloon, having been formally so christened at Weilberg.

In various original observations and documents, appended to his notice of this remarkable balloon voyage, Mr Monck Mason has thrown much pleasing light on the subject of aërostation generally. One point to which he adverts, is worthy of notice. From the experience of Mr Charles Green and others, Mr M. Mason is led to conclude that the rarification of the air, at the highest altitude which man has ever been able to reach in balloons, produces no real effect upon the lungs or upon the general system. Aeronauts formerly asserted that they experienced, at a great elevation, the same difficulty of breathing which people feel after climbing to the top of a lofty mountain. But in the latter case there is excessive development of muscular action, and increased circulation of the blood, demanding a greater supply of oxygen gas at the very moment when that supply, from the minor density of the atmosphere, is constantly becoming lessened. This is the true cause, Mr M. Mason believes, of the feelings experienced after the ascent of mountains. The rarity of the atmosphere produces of itself no sensible effects whatever on the body, and the experience of aeronauts, who reach a great altitude without exertion, is distinctly in favour, Mr Mason says, of this conclusion. It goes far to substantiate this opinion, that, after resting on the top of a mountain, the difficulty of breathing leaves those who suffered at first from it, after the toll of the ascent.

These notices will give but an imperfect idea of the entertaining and instructive nature of Mr Monck Mason's book, which is illustrated by several excellent plates. We have received much pleasure from the work altogether, and recommend it to all who take an interest in the subject of aërostation.

THE CLAN MACGREGOR.

THE clan Gregor or MacGregor is said to have sprung from Gregor or Gregorius, third son of Alpin, one of the Scottish kings of the eighth century. From this descent of their founder, the sept derived their original name of MacAlpine, and they still occasionally receive the appellation of the clan Alpin. From a very ancient period, they appear to have possessed a wide tract of land on the boundary lines of Argyre and Perth shires, around Loch Katrine and the northern end of Loch Lomond. While the strong arm constituted the sole title to property in Scotland, the MacGregors managed matters as well as their neighbours, being sufficiently able and willing to make their hands keep their lands; but when territorial possessions were legally secured by written tenures, the clan imprudently continued to trust to the right of the sword, and thus paved the way for the long train of misfortunes which fell upon them. While they pursued their simple and retired mode of life, the great barons in their vicinity used their court influence to obtain charters over the old MacGregor possessions, and followed up the acquisition of such documentary rights by driving out the true proprietors. The MacGregors habitually and obstinately resisted such encroachments, and their bravery often gained them advantages over their adversaries. But the latter parties had always possession of the royal ear, and what was simply self-defence on the part of the devoted sept, was uniformly misrepresented at court as a headstrong defiance of all proper rule and authority. The natural result of the whole was, that the MacGregors became a wild, a lawless, and a broken clan.

This state of things commenced at a very early period. In the reign of Queen Mary, two acts of the Privy Council, dated from Stirling in 1563, gave authority to Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, and other powerful nobles and barons, to pursue the MacGregors with fire and sword; a commission which the parties concerned fulfilled, no doubt, to the utmost of their ability. But the MacGregors were not a people to be safely or easily suppressed. Oppression had made them all that their enemies had at first falsely called them. Robbed of the best portions of their property, they still retained fastnesses, that could yield them shelter, but not food, more especially as their hunted mode of life prevented them from drawing sustenance in a regular way from the earth. Hence they were compelled to depend in a great measure on predatory

forays for the very means of living. Their temper, too, had become embittered, and their passions eager and vehement, so that they were too easily roused to the commission of acts of violence and cruelty, which furnished new and successive pleas for the entailment of further miseries on themselves. In the year 1589, a body of the MacGregors seized and murdered John Drummond of Drummond-eroch, a forester of the royal forest of Glenartney. The circumstances attending this crime were peculiarly horrible. Placing the head of the victim before them, the clan swore upon it that they would avow and defend the deed in common. Letters of fire and sword for the space of three years were issued anew against the MacGregors, and all men, according to the usual tenor of such documents, were forbidden to entertain or assist any of the sept, or to give them, under any plea whatsoever, either a mouthful of food, or a scrap of clothing. Under these terrible denunciations, the MacGregors were only saved by their impregnable fastnesses from utter extinction.

Some few years after these last letters of fire and sword had been issued and put in force, an event occurred, which shows that the persecution inflicted on them had merely the effect of exciting their fierce spirits to a wilder pitch. The Colquhouns of Luss, a sept holding large possessions on the western shore of Loch Lomond, had long been at feud with the MacGregors, and, about the period under consideration, the breach was widened by an act committed by Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, laird of Luss, and chief of his clan. Two of the MacGregors being benighted on the Colquhoun territory, entered a house belonging to one of the dependents of the laird of Luss, and sought shelter. Their request was sternly refused, on which they went to an outhouse, killed a sheep, and made a meal upon its carcase. According to the MacGregor tradition, from which this story is derived, the two intruders offered payment for what they had taken. They were seized, however, and carried before Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, who, in the exercise of his power as a feudal baron, condemned them summarily, and executed them. The kindred of the unfortunate men were deeply exasperated by the intelligence of this act, and MacGregor of Glenstrae, the chief of the clan, resolved to revenge their death on the Colquhouns. He assembled a force of nearly four hundred men, and took the way with them to Luss. Before their arrival, the laird of Luss heard of their intention, and hastily collected all the strength at his command. Being joined by parties of the Buchanans, Grahams, and other Lennox men, as well as by a band of Dumbarton citizens under the leadership of Tobias Smollett, a magistrate of the town, and ancestor of the famous novelist of the name, Sir Humphrey Colquhoun found himself at the head of a body double the number of the invaders. Glenfruin, or the Vale of Lamentation, situated at a short distance from Luss, was the spot where the two parties met. Had the Colquhouns taken their stand on more favourable ground, the victory would in all probability have fallen to their superior numbers; but the ground was boggy, and a large part of their force consisted of cavalry, which could not act in such a locality with advantage. Hence it was that the MacGregors obtained a decided superiority soon after the contest was begun. The Colquhouns are said to have fought manfully, but they were completely worsted, and a merciless slaughter exercised on them by their adversaries. Sir Humphrey Colquhoun escaped by the activity of his horse. Betwixt two and three hundred of his followers fell on the field or in the flight, while of the MacGregors only a very few were slain.

Besides the ferocity which they are reported to have used to the adversaries who met them fairly hand to hand, a particular and uncalled-for act of cruelty was perpetrated by some of the MacGregors at the battle of Glenfruin, if we are to believe the tradition of the country. Near the scene of the contest, a large stone is shown, which receives the appellation of the Leck-a-Mhinisteir, the Ministers' Stone. It is said to have derived this name from the murder of a party of students at the spot by one of the MacGregors, a man of great size and strength, named Ciar Mhor, or the Mouse-Coloured. These students had imprudently come to witness the engagement, being most probably on an excursion from Glasgow at the moment. They fell into the hands of the chief of the MacGregors, and were by him committed to the charge of Dugald Ciar Mhor, who savagely butchered them in cold blood. Being afterwards asked by the chief where the youths were, the mouse-coloured barbarian is said to have drawn out his bloody skene-dhu, and exclaimed, "Ask that, and God save me"—alluding, in the latter words, to the piteous appeals to heaven made by the ill-fated students. Dugald Ciar Mhor's grave is still shown at the church of Fortingal, covered with a large stone. It is but right to say, that another account of the matter frees Dugald Ciar Mhor from the imputation of this crime. He was the immediate and indubitable ancestor of the most celebrated personage who ever bore the name of MacGregor—namely, Rob Roy.

Only one man of note on the side of the clan Alpine was slain in the Vale of Glenfruin. This was the brother of MacGregor of Glenstrae, whose death-scene is yet marked by a stone, called the Grey Stone of MacGregor. But although the battle was to them almost bloodless, it entailed dire misery otherwise upon the race. Eleven score women, widows of those

slain in the engagement on the side of the Colquhouns, attired themselves in deep mourning, and, mounted on white palfreys, appeared before the king, James VI., at Stirling, and demanded vengeance on the heads of the MacGregors. To make the deeper impression on those to whom this supplication was made, each of the petitioners bore on a spear her husband's bloody shirt. Such a spectacle was well calculated to affect the reigning king, who had always shown a heart specially accessible to sights of fear and sorrow. The consequence was, that measures of extreme severity were resorted to for the punishment of the MacGregors, in whose favour no man was found to lift up his voice. By a Privy Council act of date 1603 (the year following the battle), the very name of MacGregor was abolished, a proceeding which has no parallel in the annals of the country. All those who bore the name were commanded, on pain of death, to adopt other surnames, and all who had been concerned in the battle of Glenfruin and other marauding excursions detailed in the act, were forbidden, under the same penalty, to carry any weapon but a pointless knife to eat their victuals. Death was also denounced against any of the race who should meet in greater numbers than four at a time. From time to time, acts of this kind were issued, keeping up the ban against the unfortunate race of Alpine.

The execution of these statutes was assigned to the Earls of Argyre and Athol and their followers, whose territories almost surrounded those of the doomed sept. The Marquis of Huntly also assisted in the fulfilment of the acts against the MacGregors. Stubbornly did the clan resist for a time the enemies by whom they were now hemmed in, but at length their chief, Allaster MacGregor of Glenstrae, saw the necessity of bending before the storm. He surrendered, with some of his principal followers, to Argyre, upon the previously stipulated condition of being allowed to leave the country. The chieftain of Clan Alpine was wretchedly betrayed. The promise made to him was kept to the ear, but broken to the sense. He was sent "out of the country"—that is to say, he was sent under a guard across the English border, but he was immediately brought back again to Edinburgh, and thrown into confinement. On the 20th of January 1604, he was tried, and condemned to death. The sentence was soon after carried into execution at the Cross of Edinburgh, where several of his chief followers suffered with him. To mark his rank, the chief of Glenstrae was suspended from a higher gallows than that allotted to his friends. Before his death, the chieftain made a confession, which is still extant, and which presents a terrible picture of the life "of sturt and strife" led by the race of MacGregor, from the number of feuds in which the chieftain owns to having borne a part.

Though the MacGregors, out of necessity, submitted ostensibly to the edict commanding them to take other names, they nevertheless held firm hold of the fastnesses which they had formerly occupied, and which no exertions could expel them from. Though known, as their situation might render convenient, by the names of Campbell, Drummond, Graham, or Stewart, they still retained their individuality as a clan in all but the name. They forayed in unison as formerly, and menaced with the general vengeance all who might injure one of their nameless race. They therefore remained much in the same odour as previously, and Charles I. thought proper to renew all the statutes enacted against them by his father.

"Yet," says Sir Walter Scott, "notwithstanding the extreme severities of James VI. and Charles I. against this unfortunate people, who were rendered furious by proscription, and then punished for yielding to the passions which had been wilfully irritated, the MacGregors to a man attached themselves during the civil war to the cause of the latter monarch." This kept the sore-vened clan still in a mesh of troubles for a long period, but they in some measure got their reward at the Restoration. Charles II., in the first Scottish parliament after his ascension of the throne, annulled the various statutes against them, gave them once more a name, and reinstalled them in all the ordinary privileges of liege subjects, expressly on account of the distinguished loyalty they had shown.

Strange to say, without any known cause, or any plea of renewed violence and lawlessness, William III. recalled into force all the original statutes, making the clan once more "nameless and landless" in the eye of the law. But things were more peaceful generally throughout the country, and excepting when the clan was raised into an unfortunate notoriety by the acts of Rob Roy, who was born about the times of the Revolution, the clan of MacGregor seems to have been but little disturbed in consequence of their unhappy prominence in the Statute-book. The history of the race from this time forth, excepting as far as regards the renowned freebooter just alluded to, presents no particular events worthy of notice. Up to the very close of the eighteenth century, the MacGregors were legally a nameless clan, in as far as the penal acts against them still held a place in the Statute-book, though, practically, the law recognised the name, and none of the penal statutes were ever enforced. The British parliament finally abolished all these traces of ancient barbarity. As soon as this boon was conferred on them, the MacGregors showed remaining tokens of a strong feeling of clanship, by acknowledging a head and chief. Eight hundred and twenty-six persons of the name of MacGregor subscribed a deed, admitting

John Murray of Lanrick, Esq., afterwards Sir John MacGregor, Bart., as lawfully descended of the house of Glenstrae, and the proper and true chieftain of Clan Alpine.

Since this period, the race of MacGregor have bravely served their country by field and flood, and have enjoyed all civic privileges. The present chieftain is Sir Evan John Murray MacGregor of MacGregor, Bart.

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX OF THE AFFECTIONS

Is the title of a magnificent volume, of which the Editor, Miss Mitford, has kindly sent us a copy. It is one of the *annuals* for the year 1839, and of the superior class of those fair but fleeting publications. A thin folio in shape, and splendidly bound, it contains sixty pages of print, and twelve large engravings, these being after pictures, all of which, except two, are by Mr W. Perring. The virtues and affections of woman constitute the subjects of these fine drawings, and of the accompanying letter-press, which consists partly of prose and partly of poetry, the writers being Miss Mitford, Mrs Opie, Miss Barrett, Mr Townsend (American), and others of less note.

Of the more important portion of this volume—the engravings—it is unfortunately out of our power to convey an adequate idea, for this only the exhibition of a specimen could do. They are dazzlingly beautiful, and show the female form in an ideal of perfection exceeding all we have before seen. Of them we can say no more. The letter-press forms so unimportant a portion of this, as of all similar volumes, that it almost seems absurd to speak of it. Yet the *Romance of the Page*, and the *Minstrel of Provence*, respectively by Miss Barrett and Mr John Hughes, are pleasing metrical tales. Most of the other articles are too slight and shadowy to stand undetached from the pictures which they are designed to illustrate: perhaps it is thought best that such pieces should not be qualified to distract attention from the cardinal part of the work. There is, however, a French story by Miss Mitford, which may be tagged to our notice, by way of giving it weight, and as an apology to our readers for intruding upon them the description of a book, which but a few of them have any chance of seeing:—

THE CARTEL.

"Flee, I beseech thee, Isidore! If the peace and comfort—(why do I name such words?)—if the very existence of thy poor wife be dear to thee—I implore thee, flee! By the memory of our young loves, by the happy days that we have known together—by that closer and dearer tie, the sorrows that we have shared—by the precious boy at whose sick couch we watched in vain—by the smiling girl who now lies lapped in the unconscious sleep of infancy—by the dead for whom we mourned—and by that living blessing whom God in his mercy sent to compensate that mighty woe—by a father's hopes and a father's duties, I conjure thee, flee! See, I am tall—the cloak hangs nearly as low over thy ankles as over mine; thou need'st but droop a little thy manly form as if in grief—oh! what wife could walk erect from the prison of her husband!—thou hast but to draw the capote over thy brow and to let fall the veil, and hold thy handkerchief to thy eyes—alas! did I ever leave thee other than weeping?—and thou wilt pass undiscovered. Or suffer me to arrange this hair, and thou mayest defy detection. Dost thou not remember how often in our wooing days we have passed for brother and sister? How often thou thyself hast vowed, when thy comrades have been vaunting the delicate bloom of their blue-eyed maidens, that thou didst rather prize the swart skin and jetty eye of the rich south, than the dainty red and white of their rose-lipped beauties. Alas! it was the love in that eye that won thy heart. And canst thou now resist its appeal, now that love and life hang upon thy consent? Flee, my Isidore!—if thy wife, if thy child be dear to thee, wrap thee in this disguise and flee!"

"And leave thee here to perish!"

"Nay, my husband, nay! not to perish, but to join thee speedily in some distant land, and live a calm and blissful life in safety and in freedom. Wrap thyself in this cloak, and away. Away, then, I conjure thee! The patrol will soon go their rounds, and the sentinel who is now on duty will be changed. Nay, I have not taken him into our counsel. Look not reproachfully. But well I know that André Duval will show nought but respect and sympathy when he sees me, or one whom he takes for me, pass in sorrow from the place. Daily no longer. Lisette waits without to conduct thee to her mother's abode, one of the old niches about Notre Dame, where thou mightest be safe for ages. There thou shalt stay until the search be past, and then we will depart for America. Nay, wherefore shake thy head? I shall be safe and free. Be sure of that. The imperial Josephine, although even she may not venture to interfere for one who has so transgressed the hard iron martial law as to challenge his superior officer, will yet full surely protect her favoured handmaiden—one whose wedding she was graciously pleased to honour with her presence—from the effects of her wifely love. Alas, was I not the wretched cause of this calamity? Is it not through

thy love for me that thou art in prison? and wilt thou deny me the blessed privilege of setting thee free?"

And no longer able to resist her persuasions, Colonel de Gourbillon did submit to array himself in Adèle's garments, and, having safely passed the sentinel on guard, was in a few minutes following the steps of Mademoiselle Lisette from the prison of La Force to the precincts of Notre Dame.

The escape was complete and successful: but an unexpected circumstance rendered poor Adèle's stratagem unavailing, and replaced Isidore once again in his dungeon, and in all the peril attendant upon a breach of military law under the iron rule of Napoleon.

It was a right queenly chamber was that boudoir, into which the soft air of an April morning stole so wooingly; and yet its pervading beauty spoke rather of elegance than of splendour. The prevailing taste of its fair and gentle mistress was everywhere visible. Flowers, pictured to the life by the deft needle of the embroideress, bordered the pale pink hangings, which shed a tender blush over the apartment; flowers, bright from the loom of Arras, seemed strewn in gay confusion over the rich but delicate carpet; flowers, fresh from the dewy gardens, glowed in the flower-painted jars of Sèvres porcelain, which crowded the marble tables; whilst plants, the fairest and choicest of the hot-house and conservatory, were grouped in alabaster vases, catching the soft light of the veiled windows.

On a Grecian couch, near a half-curtained recess, sat a gracious and graceful lady, the fitting inmate of this scene of enchantment. Her dress, even to the lilies in her bosom and the Provence rose in her hand, was of pure and spotless white, the most exquisite in texture and most becoming in form. Her shape and features were faultless in contour and expression. If the bloom of youth were faded, it was more than replaced by sweetness and sensibility. At the moment of which we write, that lovely countenance wore the gentlest look of pity as she addressed a sad and weeping lady, who had just been admitted to her presence:—

"Ma pauvre Adèle! I had hoped and believed that you were still the joyful occupant of your husband's prison. I never thought to be so sorry to see you at St Cloud. Colonel de Gourbillon is then retaken?"

"Not retaken, may it please your majesty: he accomplished his escape in safety, and reached a retreat where he might have remained undiscovered until the day of doom; but the sentinel who watched the door of his cell on the evening of his departure was to be held responsible for his prisoner. Had not Isidore surrendered himself, that poor soldier must have now been the victim; and dearly as I love my husband, or rather because I do love him dearly, I could not have wished him so saved. He is again in prison, and the sentinel free."

"Was that sentinel an accomplice in the escape?"

"No, on my word of honour, gracious madam. He was my foster brother, the son of my good old nurse, and would not, as we well knew, raise the veil, or pull away the handkerchief from, as he supposed, a weeping wife, as a rougher warder might have done; but we took more than common pains to preserve him from all suspicion of our plans, for his sake and our own. Poor André! he at least will escape!"

"And, after all, what was the cause of this unhappy challenge?"

"Alas! alas! royal madam, I was the thrice unhappy and most unconscious cause! Walking on the Boulevard Italien with Madame le Vasseur, General Villaret, heated, as he says, by wine, and mistaking me for my cousin, Pauline de St Brie (your imperial majesty has often noticed our sister-like resemblance), to whom, as it now appears, he has been for some months secretly married, accosted me in a manner which occasioned me the most lively alarm. My husband came up at the moment; the general, certainly not himself, and hardly aware of his mistake, treated the matter with provoking levity. Madame le Vasseur's presence and my tears, put, for the time, an effectual check on Isidore. He hurried us home, and then wrote that unhappy letter—that challenge to a superior officer—which falling, I hardly know how, into the hands of the minister at war, constitutes the sole and fatal proof of his breach of martial law; for General Villaret, as much distressed as man can be, and full of self-blame and self-accusation, denies all recollection, except of his own misconduct. Oh! if that fatal letter could be regained or destroyed! or if the real facts of the case could be brought under the notice of him in whose word will lie the final sentence—the awful doom of life or death. Oh! if he could know the provocation, the palliation! he, that soul of honour, who holds his imperial consort's purity as the brightest jewel of his crown. How often have we heard him quote Cæsar's axiom—"

Here a slight movement of caution, and perhaps of uneasiness, on the part of Josephine, and a noise like the rustling of papers, suddenly stopped Adèle's pleadings, and directed her attention to the half-curtained recess. It opened on a small turret chamber, fitted up as a private study, and at a writing-table, folding a letter, sat a gentleman, plainly dressed in a single-breasted green coat, a white kerseymere waistcoat, and the ribbon of the legion of honour at his button-hole. His little cocked hat was on a chair at his side; and although his noble head was bent over the letter which he was folding, Adèle felt at once that it was

no other than Napoleon. Papers were strewed before him, and amongst these the eyes of the trembling wife rested upon her husband's well-known writing, the challenge upon which his fate and hers depended.

The emperor paused in his occupation, and applied to his snuff-box for his habitual luxury; his countenance was calm and untroubled, and, but for a momentary glance towards the curtained doorway, it might have been doubted if he were conscious that he was not alone.

"Speak!" whispered Josephine encouragingly; "plead your husband's cause!"

Five minutes before, Madame de Gourbillon would have given her right hand for such an opportunity. Now it had arrived, and, between habitual awe of her great master, and the tremendous interest which she had at stake, she knelt before him weak and wordless as a child.

"Pardon, sire! pardon!" Her voice died away; and had not a passion of tears come to relieve her, she would have fainted.

Napoleon made no answer. He was about to seal the letter which he had folded, and selecting a paper from the table, he first used it to light the wax taper which stood in a richly chased golden candlestick by his side, and then flung it into the brazier, tapping his snuff-box as he watched the burning fragments, and glancing upon the happy wife, and her sympathising mistress, with a smile exquisite in its sweetness and beauty. Perhaps at that moment his sensations were the most enviable of the three.

Need I say that the paper which he had destroyed was the only proof of Isidore's guilt—the all-important cartel?

MAGICIANS OF MODERN EGYPT.

ANCIENT Egypt was famed for its dexterous jugglers or magicians, and the country in the present day still boasts of possessing personages of that mysterious character. The existing magicians of Egypt, who are most commonly of Arab descent, display their art almost always by what is called "the experiment of the magic mirror of ink." This is performed in the following way:—Being in the presence of those who are to witness the exhibition of his powers, the magician prepares for his task by certain forms of invocation, which consist usually in writing down on a slip of paper a string of charmed words. Mr Lane, author of "The Modern Egyptians," and one of the first oriental scholars of the day, examined a charm of this kind, and found the words to signify in English, "Tur'ahoon! Tur'ahoon! Come down! Come down! Be present! Whither are gone the prince and his troops? Where are El-Ahh'mar the prince and his troops? Be present, ye servants of these names!" And on a second slip of paper were written the words, "And this is the removal. And we have removed from thee thy veil; and thy sight to-day is piercing." These last words are intended to open, in a supernatural manner, the eyes of the boy, on whom the working of the charm mainly depends; for after the preliminary invocations are gone through, the magician announces himself ready to begin his display, and desires a boy to be brought to him. A pure and innocent female would do equally well; and some magicians hold that a black female slave or a pregnant woman would also answer the desired purpose, but a young boy is generally chosen, as the most convenient party; and those before whom the enchanter is exhibiting his art, commonly hire any boy whom they find accidentally on the streets, in order to prevent, if possible, the chance of collusion. When the boy arrives, the magician takes the lad's right hand, and draws in the palm of it a magic diagram, in the form of a square. A little ink is then poured into the hollow of the same hand, and this ink forms the "magic mirror," into which the boy looks intently in the course of the exhibition, and sees all the figures and scenes which it is the wish of the enchanter and his visitors or employers to call up. A chafing-dish stands all the while at the magician's hand, and into this he throws at times the before-mentioned charm cut into slips. Perfumes are at the same time burnt in the chafing-dish, and their smoke fills the room, circling around the performers and spectators, and satiating their nostrils with the odours of frankincense and coriander.

When all is thus prepared, the enchanter begins to question the boy—"Do you see any thing?" If the charm works well, the boy usually appears frightened, and replies that he sees "a man sweeping the ground." (This answer, we believe, is at least a common one, if not uniformly given.) The magician then desires the boy to call for various flags in succession, and the boy calls for and sees seven flags of various colours. He then calls for "the sultan," who is the party that is to show all the future objects in the mirror. If the sultan comes, the charm is wound up. The chief

performer, meanwhile, mutters incessantly in the intervals, and keeps throwing the fragments of the written charm into the chafing-dish. After a time, if all has gone to his mind, the magician turns to the spectators, and announces that any person whom they may select, living or dead, will be called up in the magic mirror, beheld, and described by the boy.

Lord Prudhoe, an English nobleman of the Percy family, and Major Felix, a British officer, were among the first persons who astonished the European world with their report of the magic mirror experiment. Being men of character and sense, their statement created a considerable sensation, when it was reported by the interlocutors in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of *Blackwood's Magazine* for August 1831. The experiment, such as we have described it, was performed before the two gentlemen when travelling in Egypt, and they were desired to call up either the absent or the dead. They asked for Shakespeare, Voltaire, and others, and received descriptions of them from the lips of the boy, exactly corresponding with their portraits, as regarded dress, figure, and countenance. They then tested the boy with lesser known living persons. Archdeacon Wrangham was called for, and described by the boy as "a tall, white-haired Frank, with a smiling countenance, and wearing spectacles," whom he saw "walking in a garden." Even his dress, that usually worn by an English clergyman out of his canonicals, was pointedly described. Warming with wonder, Major Felix then called for a description of his own brother, an officer in the army, and then in India. The boy described a red-coated Frank, whom he saw standing by the sea-shore, with a horse and a black servant behind him. Finally, the lad exclaimed, "Oh! this is a strange Frank; he has only one arm!" When Major Felix heard these words, which accurately painted the condition of his brother, his feelings of awe and excitement so much overpowered him, that he fainted away!

Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix were not the only persons thus impressed by the magicians of Egypt. The late British consul, Mr Salt, a man intimately acquainted with the language, people, and country, and less liable to be deceived than a passing traveller, found himself completely puzzled on many occasions by the results of the magic mirror experiment. Having once, for example, private reasons for believing that some one of his servants had stolen various articles of property, Mr Salt sent for a celebrated Mugh'reb'ee magician, with the view of intimidating the suspected person, and causing him voluntarily to confess if he were really guilty. The magician came, and at once declared that he would cause the exact image of the guilty person to appear to any boy not above the age of puberty. A boy was taken incidentally from a band of several then at work in Mr Salt's garden, the forms were gone through, and the magic mirror properly formed. After seeing various images, the boy finally described from the mirror the guilty person—stature, dress, and countenance; said that he knew him, and ran down into the garden, where he apprehended one of the labourers, who, when brought before his master, immediately confessed that he was the thief.

Mr Lane, whom we have already mentioned, and to whom Mr Salt related the preceding story, was another person who witnessed personally the operations of the Egyptian magicians, and who candidly confesses that there is a mystery in the matter to which he cannot discover any clue. The magician from whom Mr Lane received the invocation "Tur'shoon! Tur'yoo'shoon! come down! come down!" requested him, on the occasion of that experiment, to call for any person he chose. Mr Lane named Lord Nelson. The boy employed during the process was one taken from among several returning home along the street from a manufactory. He appeared to have never heard of Lord Nelson, for it was with difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. "The magician," says Mr Lane, "desired the boy to say, 'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson; bring him before my eyes, that I may see him speedily!' The boy then said so; and almost immediately added, 'A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a moment or two; and, looking more intently and closely into the ink, said, 'No, he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed to his breast.' This correction made his description appear more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat. But it was the right arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eye, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This made the boy's description faultless." As the Egyptians call dark blue *eswed*, or *black*, the naval dress of Nelson was accurately described. Mr Lane subsequently called for a friend, a native of Egypt resident in England, and who had been long confined to his bed by illness. The boy described a man "with a pale face, mustachios, but no beard," and who appeared in the mirror "on a kind of bier, wrapped in a sheet." This suited the figure of the individual, and also his supposed condition at the time. Mr Lane afterwards heard of the recovery of this friend, but did not exactly learn whether at the period in question he had recovered his health, or remained ill. The

succeeding answers of the boy to Mr Lane's questions on this occasion were imperfect. On another occasion—when Mr Lane was not present, but heard the account from unquestionable authority—the same magician's performances were ridiculed by an Englishman present, who said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of his own father, of whom he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The sceptic was a little staggered when the boy described a man in a Frank dress, "with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect; the peculiar position of the hand was caused by an almost constant headache; and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting. I am assured (continues Mr Lane) that on this occasion the boy described accurately each person and thing that was called for; and I might add several other cases, in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance."

We have now given a fair and reasonable specimen of the marvels and successes of modern Egyptian magic. The other side of the picture must now be glanced at, and sorry are we to say that thereby much of the gloss and glitter of enchantment disappears, though it cannot be said that all doubt or mystery is fairly removed. By the precautions taken, all possibility of confederacy or collusion between the magician and the boy has been prevented on most of the occasions where Englishmen have witnessed these experiments. Nor, indeed, could a perfect understanding between the man and the boy be of much service for the most part; for the man must be equally in the dark with his assistant respecting the obscure or private individuals called for. Moreover, the magician could not communicate in an underhand way with the boy, in presence of such orientalists as Lane and Salt, even if he had any promptings to give. We must therefore give up the idea, that the boy in these cases answers from the magician's prompting, or is told what he is to see. "Does the boy then really see objects in the ink?" comes to be the question. The belief of most observers is, that the boy's imagination is either so wrought upon as to make him conceive he sees figures, or that, by some art of the magician, the semblance of objects is actually presented in the ink. But, then, how does the boy come to see the exact objects that are wanted? If he did always do this, Egyptian magic would indeed be a thing passing strange. But such is not the case. If we had goodly evidence on the one side, we shall produce equally unexceptionable testimony on the other, which will, we fear, remove much of the marvel from the modern enchantment of Egypt.

Lord Lindsay, son of the Earl of Balcarras, and the author of a recent lively book on Egypt, describes the doings which he witnessed with the magic mirror of ink. The magician was a famous and long-tried one, and went through all the preliminary forms with becoming gravity. The boy, who was a stranger to the experimenter, at first saw a "man sweeping," then "seven flags" in succession, and then "the sultan," after which the magician declared the charm complete, and bade them call for whom they chose. "The first person whom we summoned," says his lordship, "was the Rev. —. He was described, upon the whole, accurately; but this was the only successful summons. The spirits either would not come, or appeared by proxy, to the sad discomposure of our Arab Glendower. I tried him with Daniel Lambert, who, I was informed, was a thin man; and with Miss Biffin, who made her appearance with arms and legs. He has been equally unsuccessful with a party of Americans; this is odd enough when one considers how strongly Mr Salt, Lord Prudhoe, and Major Felix, were impressed with the belief of his supernatural powers." Lord Lindsay concludes by remarking, that "one thing is unquestionable—the children do see a crowd of objects, following each other, and, at the commencement of the incantation, always the same objects—as vivid and distinct as if they looked out of the window at noon-day. How is this to be accounted for? Collusion is out of the question."

The next witness whose testimony we shall present on this subject, is Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, a man remarkable for shrewdness. As the colonel tells in a little article in *Tait's Magazine* on Egyptian Magic, he chanced to reside for a time in Cairo, in 1822, with his family, and hearing much of the fame of a certain Mugh'reb'ee magician, sent for him. "I remember (says Colonel Thompson) a well-dressed, personable man, of what after the fashion of the nomenclature in the Chamber of Deputies might be called the young middle-age. He agreed to show us a specimen of his art, and fixed upon our little boy of seven years old to be his instrument. He dispatched a servant to the bazaar, to procure frankincense and other things which he directed; and on their being produced, we all retired into a room, and closed the doors and windows. An earthen pot was placed in the middle of the floor, containing fire, and the magician sat down by it. He placed the little boy before him, and poured ink into the hollow of the boy's hand, and bade him look into it steadily. I think the mother rather quailed on seeing her child in such propinquity with 'the enemy,' but recovered herself on being exhorted to defy the evil one and all his works. The boy was innocent of fear; and on the whole I imagine there never was a better

subject to cope with a sorcerer. When the little fellow asked the cause of the immediate preparations, we told him the man was going to show some feats of legerdemain, such as he used to see in India. The magician began by throwing grains of incense on the fire, bowing with a see-saw motion, and repeating 'Hegya, hedji Capitan,' or 'Hurrah, pilgrim Captain!' being, as I understood it at the time, an invocation by his style and title, of the spirit he wished to see. When nothing came, he increased his zeal, and seemed determined that if the 'Captain' was sleeping or on a journey, he should not be missed for want of calling. One slight variation, in his questions to the boy, I observed. Instead of saying to the boy, 'What do you see?' as had been reported, he said, 'Do you see a little man?' which, if the boy had been accessible to fear or phantasy, was manifestly telling him what he was to look for. The boy, however, resolutely declared he saw nothing, and the sorcerer continued his calls upon his spirit. When in this manner curiosity had been roused to something like expectation, the boy suddenly exclaimed, 'I see something!' All were tremblingly on the alert; when he quashed it all by adding, 'I see my nose!' By the dim light of the fire he had succeeded in getting a glimpse of his own countenance reflected in the ink. The magician redoubled his exertions by way of carrying the thing off, but there was much less gravity in the audience afterwards." Finding, at length, that he could make nothing of the young Thompson, who had probably a due share of the paternal hatred to humbug, the disappointed sorcerer declared that he could not make the spirit come because the boy was a Christian. An Arab boy was then sent for, and, sure enough, at the first propounding of the leading question, "Do you see a little man?" the boy said, "Yes." The magician then called for flags in due order, and, as he called, the boy beheld. The colonel does not think there was collusion here, and is at a loss to say whether the boy was operated on by a superstitious dread of refusing, or by the natural inclination of one rogue to help another. However, by the colonel's account, not one sight was seen by the boy, which the magician's words did not direct him to behold. And so ended Colonel Thompson's interview with the Mugh'reb'ee magician.

These statements of Lord Lindsay and Colonel Thompson are calculated greatly to lower our estimation of Egyptian magic. In fact, in numerous instances the boys can see nothing; in more instances, when they do profess to see something, their answers to questions have not a shadow of correctness; in some instances their answers are imperfect—here right and there wrong; and in a few instances they give occasional perfect answers. Probably, a fair average, on the whole, might be—once correct (or something like correct) for ninety-nine times wrong. If there be any truth in this conclusion, there seems no unfairness in attributing these rare instances of success to mere accident. If figures be undeniably visible in the inky mirror, as some observers seem to think, and as the uniform vision of the "sweeping" and the "flags" would seem to confirm, why did Colonel Thompson's boy, why do all boys, not see them at once? Mr Lane admits that the experiment often entirely fails on this fundamental point. Now, it is hard to see how it should ever thus fail, if the art of the magician can place the semblance of figures there. May not the whole be explained on the supposition that the boys themselves have a partial knowledge of the forms of the art, and that, when placed in such situations as those described, a dread of the sorcerer's power, and perhaps excited imagination, may lead them to bend to its influence, and answer his leading questions as he seems to wish? Doubtless, the subject of magic, its rites and incantations, will be talked of in all families, and the dread of sorceries instilled into the ears of children from their cradle. Some, indeed, may not hear of such things; and may not these be the boys who can see nothing in the mirror of ink?

We have now said enough on this subject, and must leave the reader to form any further conclusions for himself. But it may first be observed, that, though a thing of awe and fear, magic of the kind alluded to is held to be a science founded on the agency of Allah and of his angels. The pasha's good sense, however, overcomes his reverential awe for what may be divine in the matter, and he has not scrupled, once or twice, to give notorious enchanters an opportunity of trying whether their art can strengthen their necks against the bowstring, or replace a head on their shoulders when once taken off by a sabre-stroke.

GOOD HUMOUR.

Good humour, which is good nature polished and consolidated into habit, consists in the amiable virtues of the heart, and in suavity of manners. A person of good humour is pleased with himself; he is pleased with others; he cherishes humanity, benevolence, candour; and these qualities, infused into his dispositions and conduct, shed around him a chastened gaiety, and he feels complacency in general happiness. Mirth is the glaring solar beams of summer; wit is the gleam between disparting clouds on the autumnal plain; good humour is the balmy and genial sunshine of spring, under which we love to recline. Mild and genuine good humour has a peculiar simplicity, frankness, and softness of expression; fashionable politeness puts on its semblance, but, as is the case with every species of hypocrisy, it fails by its overacted efforts to please. This amiable quality is consistent; no latent frown blends with its smile, no feigned effusiveness contradicts the language of the lips; its expressions are faith-

ful to its sentiments, and it is perennial as the source whence it flows. Good humour is estimable as a social virtue; it is equally estimable as a personal quality. High reputation and superior attainments have naturally a dazzling splendour, which is only approachable by confidence, when subdued by the refreshing softness of good humour. Moderate abilities with assumed pretensions, provoke censure, or excite ridicule; but adorned with good humour, they insinuate themselves into esteem even more than eminent but austere attainments. The show of distinguished qualities humbles mediocrity, and generates the dissatisfaction of jealousy; the display of witty and confident assurance silences modesty, and produces a feeling, which has perhaps a tincture of envy; a vein of satire, which elicits occasional hilarity, arms all with the precaution of fear. The temper which I recommend removes jealousy, envy, fear; it gives pleasure to every one, places every one at ease; and whatever produces such results, we are disposed to esteem and love. Social happiness, in its aggregate sum, is chiefly made up of kind attentions and minute favours: an attention or a favour derives much of its value from the manner in which it is conferred, and good humour gives a charm to whatever it bestows.—*Mackenzie's Literary Varieties.*

STORIES AND CHARACTERS

FROM THE CHRONICLES OF SAUNDERS MUIRHEAD.

JOHN JOHNSTON.

In the year 1780, there was a John Johnston, a journeyman carpenter from Moffat, who came to Edinburgh to seek work. As he was an excellent tradesman, he soon procured employment, and he might have done very well, for he got the best wages that were going; but no matter how much he worked, he was always in poverty, and had not one penny to rub on another. There was a tippling-house, kept by a Mrs Kerr, very near to the shop where he wrought, and there he and some of his companions who had the same tastes as himself, got what drink they required through the week, on the express condition that they were to clear scores punctually every Saturday night. This was a very convenient arrangement, but it led to the running up of pretty long bills. Sometimes John's score amounted to six or seven shillings, as it might very well do, considering how speedily the price of one or two gills or a bottle or two of ale every day mount up to a round sum. Whatever the scores were, however, they were always pointedly paid. The allowance of credit with Lucky Kerr was called "having light," and the greatest pains were taken to keep the "light" from going out. How much of John's weekly wages remained after suffering these cuttings and carvings, on Saturday 'te'ens, may be easily guessed.

Things went on in this kind of way till about the Martinmas of the year 1785, just as winter set in, when John took a severe cold, and was fairly laid up in his lodging. He had been working in a new house, which had not got in the windows, and a draught of air had blown all day upon him, so as to give him first a sore throat, and then a terrible cough, that was dreadful to hear. This was a very severe misfortune, more particularly as he had saved nothing from his wages, and he had no money either to get nourishing diet, or firing to keep himself warm. To make the case as bad as it could be, hardly any body came to see him, at least none that could give him any thing, for he did not belong to any box or sick society, and he was therefore now in the greatest straits. If he had not pawned some of his tools, it is believed that he would have actually perished.

In the midst of John's great illness and necessity, he sent his landlady, an old widow woman, who was very poor, and could make him no help, to tell Mrs Kerr of his condition, and ask if she would be so kind as lend him twenty shillings till he got better, when he would honestly pay her. The request was made, but promptly refused. "Gae way wi' ye, woman," said Lucky; "d'ye think I've naething else to do wi' my siller than gie't to sic a drucken chield as Jock Johnston? It sets him weel to send to me for any thing o' the kind. Gang away wi' ye; he may dee at the back o' a dyke for me." John was very much disappointed when the old woman returned with this uncivil reply of the person whom he had for years been enriching with his money. "What an idiot I have been," said he to himself, "to come to this pinch, when I might have had plenty to keep me comfortable; but, if I live, I'll take better care again; and as for that ruddy jaud, Lucky Kerr, she shall never see another ha'penny o' mine."

Well, fortunately for John, a sister came to the town and gave him some small help, and his constitution at length got the better of the illness, so that he was able to apply to his old master, Deacon Bryden, for employment. The deacon was a considerate and feeling man for the poor, and at once took John into the shop, and advanced him money to redeem his tools from the pawnbroker. Some short time after he returned to his work, he had occasion to pass Mrs Kerr's door, and there she was standing talking to a neighbour. "Good day, John," said she; "I am glad to see that ye are able to be back to your work; will ye no step in and rest ye?" "Thank ye," he replied; "I cannot

stop," and so was passing on. "Hout, tout, John," she answered, "dinna be in sic a hurry, man; ye ken we're auld freends, and ye may just tak on through the week as ye used to do." "That's a' very guid, mistress, but it'll no do for me; your shabbiness in no lending me what I wanted when I was sic ill off, and your ill tongue into the bargain, has cured me o' ca'ing at your door, or the door o' any one like ye." And with that he manfully passed on. The victory was completely won. John was now quite another thing. From having a daized drunken look, and wearing a coat out at the elbows, he now had a rational appearance in the face, and was as decent in his apparel as any workman needs to be. Sensible of the advantage of his new manner of living, he persuaded other two lads in the same shop to give up drinking, and lay by their odd hawbeens. There being no Savings Banks in those days, he made himself a small box with a slit in the top, fastening the lid with screw nails, and he went upon a fixed plan of putting something every week into it; and he determined not to break upon these savings, unless from a case of very urgent necessity. What was the consequence of this, we shall immediately see.

John had gone on in his regular way of life for a very few years, and he was thinking that he might with prudence take a wife, as he had plenty to furnish a house decently, and something over. Just as he was in this state of mind, he received a letter by the post from Moffat, telling him that an only brother was badly, and wished to see him immediately. Fearing the worst, from the letter coming with the post, John immediately set off on foot for his native town, which he reached only two days before his brother's death. By this event he fell heir to a small property, consisting of an old thatched house and a garden. On examining the house, he found that it would not be worth repairing, but that it stood on a good situation for building. It was estimated that by an outlay of a hundred pounds, and by doing all the joiner-work himself, he could erect a very comfortable dwelling, with a good slated roof, which might let for about ten pounds a-year. This was a great temptation to John, but he knew that he had not as much as a hundred pounds saved, and he resigned himself to wait for a year or two to see how things might turn out.

So John returned to his work in Edinburgh, just going on in the same saving way as ever, and spending his leisure hours in reading any good book that came in his way. Some short time after his return to town, as he was one evening passing homewards up the High Street, he happened to see an auction of books, and not having any thing to do, he thought he would spend an hour in hearing the auctioneer's jokes—men of this profession being generally very funny in those times, and not at all like the stiff genteel auctioneers now-a-days. After standing for half an hour or so, a most worthy old book was set up, but not in very good condition. The name of it was Watson's Body of Divinity, and John knew that it was greatly esteemed among old pious people. It had apparently been in some old sooty house, or kept in a bole somewhere near the lum, for it was covered with black dust, and its leaves, on being opened, were seen to be smoked quite yellow. Owing to its appearance, no person would bid any thing for it, and at last John gave a bode of a mere trifle, and it was instantly knocked down to him.

As the next Sabbath was a very wet day, he did not go to the kirk, but, after getting breakfast, sat down to take a lesson on his old book. It had a sheep-skin cover on it, above the boards, with a flap on one side, and a button on the other. He began looking at some old names, but they were in such an old hand, and so illegible, that he could not make them out. On making these examinations, and lifting up the cover a little to get at the writing, he saw the corner of some paper rather far back. He got hold of it, and pulled it out, when he was amazed to see two twenty-pound notes of the Bank of Scotland. They were of an old date, but still clean and fresh, the cover having kept them from being ruffled or spoiled in the smallest. To say that John was surprised, can give only a faint idea of what he felt. He could scarcely believe that what he saw was real. He turned away his eyes, and then looked at the notes again; still they met his sight. Convinced of their reality, he stripped the cover entirely off the book, to see if there were any more, but there were not. He now began to consider what he should do. At one time he thought he would begin and build his house immediately; again he bethought himself that the money was not his, but belonged to the former proprietor of the book. After many different thoughts on the subject, he came to the conclusion, that he must endeavour to find out where the book came from, and if its late owner was alive, or had left any heirs if he were dead. Next day he set about his inquiries. It appeared that the book had, with many others, been purchased by the auctioneer from an old book-pedlar, who had bought them from a person who said he had got them at the death of a relation, and that he wished to dispose of the whole, in order to raise money to go to America. There were thus no means of discovering the original owner by any personal investigation, and John advertised the finding of the money in various newspapers, offering to restore it on evidence being produced of its identity. No person, however, came up to claim the notes, and at the end of twelve months John had them changed at the bank, and considered himself

entitled to make use of the money; still, if a claimant should ever appear, he resolved to make good the amount.

We now, therefore, find our hero, as we may call him, with a sufficiency of funds, the result of honest saving and good fortune, to enable him to set about the erection of his house. This he did, doing all the carpenter work himself, and employing old Robert Grozet and his son Thomas, men who had the reputation of making substantial work, to execute the building department. John Johnston, after this, married comfortably, and settled in his own dwelling in Moffat, where for many years he carried on a respectable trade, and at his death he left a well-brought-up family and a good name behind him.

VISIT TO LEADHILLS.

[FROM THE DUMFRIES AND GALLOWAY COURIER.]

CROSSING the Clyde at Ewanfoot, in the upper part of Lanarkshire, we proceeded by a not very steep ascent to the village of Leadhills—the highest inhabited district in Scotland, if not in Europe—and which is beautifully situated in a shallow basin, scooped out, as it were, from the tops of a number of mountains. The extensive lead mines in the immediate neighbourhood are the great attraction, and we forthwith proceeded to make inquiries preparatory to visiting them. We found that it was necessary to ask permission to descend, from the manager of the Scots Mines Company, but that this was not necessary in visiting the works belonging to the Snar Head Company. Wishing to incur as few such obligations as possible, and especially upon hearing that a Swiss gentleman had some time ago been refused permission, we at once determined to avail ourselves of the liberality of the latter company, and accordingly engaged two experienced miners to accompany us.

Upon arriving at the entrance to one of their mines, which was about a mile distant from the village, we doffed part of our travelling dress, and equipped ourselves in miners' habiliments, including most comfortable-looking Kilmarnock cowls. Having now lighted our candles, and stuck them in a lump of clay, which answered the purpose of a candlestick exceedingly well, we proceeded to thread our way through a long passage, dark, cold, and comfortable; the roof, in most places, will not admit of standing upright, while the ground, every where slippery, is often covered with standing water, so that considerable care is required in order to keep the happy medium between sinking up to the ankles in clay water, and knocking the cranium against the Leadhills whinstone, which will be found harder than the heads of most visitors, even when defended by a Kilmarnock nightcap. We next reached the head of the shaft—and here commenced the descent. A perpendicular cleft yawned below us, and it was some time before we could make out any thing else; at length, by the assistance of our flickering lights, we discovered some beams of wood crossing the shaft, and several feet farther down the top steps of a ladder. The great difficulty is to reach these, which is done by stepping on the cross beams which are placed at least two feet below one another; grasping the ladder firmly with one hand, and holding our light in the other, we slowly felt our way down; it is impossible to see where you are going, and the great art is never to move one foot until you have found a secure place for the other; the shaft is just wide enough to allow falling back, if so inclined; were the person at the top of the ladder to slip, he would most undoubtedly bring all the rest down with him, and any thing more terrific can scarcely be imagined. However, we managed to reach the bottom without any such dire disaster; in fact, the miners assured us that the darkness was our security, and that if we had attempted such a descent in daylight, giddiness would in all likelihood have prevented its accomplishment. After traversing more passages, we arrived at the vein of ore, to procure which so much labour must have been expended. The appearance of the mine here is any thing but grand and striking; in a narrow passage, about five feet in height, the walls and roof of which are formed of clay and whinstone, runs a vein of lead ore, mixed with a kind of white spar; there are no lofty roofs and mighty pillars to excite wonder and awe, no walls sparkling with the riches revealed to the eye, but there is something well worthy of wonder and admiration, and that is the skill, the industry, the perseverance of man. By what slow and tedious steps must the art of mining have attained its present excellence, and to what perfection may it yet arrive! By what reasoning could we ever have supposed that in the depths of the earth substances existed of the mightiest utility to the human race! discovered at first, perhaps, by accident, conjecture followed, experience throwing out new hints at every step, until gradually, but surely, the metals, their uses, the best methods of obtaining and preparing them, have become so familiar that we are apt to forget to be grateful for the benefits they bring. The veins vary much both in thickness and richness—sometimes the ore is so pure that the light of the candle is reflected on every side. After procuring some specimens, we proceeded to the bottom of the shaft sunk at the top of the hill, from which we saw a bit of the sky, or rather a glimmering of daylight; the means of ascent here are very simple—a thick rope is attached at one end to a windlass stationed at the top of the shaft, and at the other a noose is made, in which the miner inserts his left leg, and is then drawn up, holding by the tightened rope; buckets are only used for conveying away the ore, rubbish, &c. We found large quantities of a mossy substance, something like sponge, growing even twenty fathoms below the surface, and were told that instances have been known of the beams which were used for supporting the roof, actually putting forth tender sprouts and leaves, at an equal distance from the cheering light of day!

The mines of Leadhills belong, as before mentioned, to two companies: those worked by the Scots Mines Company are the property of the Earl of Hopetoun, and are twelve in number; only two are worked by the Snar Head

Company, and they are the property of Mr Hamilton of Gilhearnclough. The veins of ore are usually discovered at the surface, and the general procedure is to sink a perpendicular shaft in such a manner as to make it run alongside of the vein without touching it; when the shaft has reached a certain depth, a level is cut through the side of the hill, which allows the water to run off, and then a cross passage is formed, which renders the working of the vein easier. In cutting the passages or levels, blasting is much employed, and the roof and walls are supported at first by wooden beams; working the vein seems to be a comparatively easy process, compared to getting at it, and perhaps this was not sufficiently taken into account by the miners, when they complained of the low rate of wages; they seem to have enough of real distress, however, but we refrain from entering on this subject at present. The lead ore, when raised from the mine, is pounded, and then subjected to a stream of water, which carries off the impurities; in this state it bears some resemblance to the small coal used by blacksmiths, but is, of course, much heavier, and not so dark in colour.

The next operation is smelting, and this is the final one performed at Leadhills; the purified ore is placed upon a furnace, which is shaped something like a writing-desk, but with a much greater level space at the top; both peat and coal are used; and after the fuel has been mixed with the ore, a blast worked by a water-wheel is employed to fan the flame; the melted lead runs down a small cut made in the inclined plane of the furnace, and is received by a trough placed at the bottom, from which it is again ladled into an iron mould, and there left to cool; when the requisite temperature is attained, the lead is taken out of the mould, and then weighs about one hundred and twelve pounds. A smelter and his assistant can turn out about twenty of these bars in a day, which will amount altogether in weight to one ton. Six hundred tons of lead, on an average, are annually produced from the mines, the greater part of which is sent to Leith, where it is either used or exported. Accidents from foul air seldom occur in these mines; in fact, any that happen are generally occasioned by the falling in of those roofs which are not properly supported; sometimes, too, even the miners lose their hold, and fall from the ladders which they are descending. There is a great deal of uncertainty in the miner's occupation; often he may realise a considerable sum, and again he may be entirely a loser. The hours of work do not exceed, in general, six a-day, and this is found quite long enough to remain under ground, for although the air cannot be called foul, it is neither dry nor wholesome.

The population of the village is upwards of 1200; of these 300 are working miners, smelters, washers, and labourers; the remainder consist of women, children, and those whom age has rendered incapable of labour.

The miners have always been remarkable for intelligence; this is chiefly owing to an excellent library, which was instituted in 1741—numbers about 1700 volumes. The cold air of the mountains has not here extinguished the fire of genius. Allan Ramsay was a native of Leadhills, and continued to take a deep interest in the prosperity of his mountain birthplace; in proof of which it may be mentioned that he presented the miners' library with a goodly number of useful volumes. The villagers possess nearly a hundred cows, which are chiefly fed on hay; this is the principal crop here, and no less than 25,000 stones are grown annually; all the ground producing this has been brought into cultivation by the miners, aided by the liberality of the Earl of Hopetoun. Potatoes are grown to some extent, and, strange to say, no taint has ever appeared here; in consequence of this the crop is in great demand for seed, and has been sent for this purpose as far as Glasgow and Kelso. We can, in conclusion, cordially recommend a visit to Leadhills; its attractions, first and last, are numerous; the drive, of itself, would amply repay all trouble; and, moreover, travellers may safely reckon on a landlord's hearty welcome from Mr Hunter, at one of the best inns we ever had the good fortune to enter.

BROKEN-DOWN DANDIES.

It is curious, on a visit to the Queen's Bench Prison, to contrast the external appearance of the higher classes of the prisoners, after they have been a short time in the place, with what it was before their admission. The metamorphosis they undergo in the course of a few months is almost incredible. It is sometimes so complete, that their own friends, one would think, would have some difficulty in identifying them. Were they to meet them accidentally in the street, I am sure they would pass them by without recognising them. It is quite a common thing to see noblemen and gentlemen, who but a few months before were dressed, or, as a tailor would say, "decorated," in the extreme of fashion, nothing better than the mere wrecks of dandyism. In many cases, parties, who on their introduction were dandies of the first water, have not the means of "keeping up the steam of Beau Brummellism;" they have no cash, and what is worse for them, no credit. In other cases, they have no inducement to sustain their reputation as dandies; they see nobody, and are seen by nobody, as they themselves phrase it. Hence they get careless in the article of apparel; and that carelessness eventually degenerates into slovenliness. The brush comes in contact with their clothes: button after button drops off without being replaced, until they are pretty nearly buttonless. There is a hole here, and a rent there. "The shine" is taken out of their shoes, and is not put into them again. Then there are the hats of these broken-down demi-dandies: they are, indeed, "shocking bad" ones, if they are worthy of the name. The pile is gone, the colour is faded; they are broken and bruised all over. As regards their beards, again, they find it the least troublesome course to let them have their own way of it; hence the chin, which on their entrance was scraped by some tonsorial as bare as if no crop had ever grown on it, is embellished by a most abundant harvest of hair, which is dignified by the name of mustachios.—Sketches in London, by the Author of "The Great Metropolis."

Column for the Boys.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS,

It is a long time since I devoted a column expressly for your use, but you will have observed that many stories and tales of adventures, both by sea and land, have been given in the pages of the Journal, principally for your amusement, and not for old people, who like chiefly to read about things of a grave nature. You may therefore see that I have not by any means forgot you, but have on the contrary been always keeping your interests in mind, and doing all in my power to seek out pieces for your perusal.

There has been another reason for my not writing columns in the old way for the Boys; for some time I have been employing all my spare hours in writing books for your instruction at school; and in these I have told all the things, within my knowledge, which it can be useful for you to be made acquainted with. It is necessary that you should be informed, that, however amusing and agreeable stories are, they do not give the solid instruction which is required for cultivating the mind, and making boys serviceable in the world as they grow up. This very useful kind of instruction must be procured from carefully written school treatises, assisted by skillful teachers, and the counsels of parents. The preparation of treatises for the instruction of young persons at school, is what I have, along with my brother, been busy with for some years, and we now have got a number published, some of which perhaps you may have seen. The last small book of this kind which I have written, is called the *RUDIMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE*,* and is designed to instruct boys and girls at school in the meaning of a great many things which they see about them, and which their fathers and mothers have not time to tell them about. It attempts to give them some instruction regarding God and the works of creation—of mankind and other animated creatures—of inanimate objects, fields, flowers, trees, stones, metals, rivers, seas, and ships—also of the senses, speaking or language, forms, measurements, colours, writing and printing, counting and money, buying and selling, property, labour, society, national government, towns, and many other things. I do not know how people may like this book, or whether it be worthy of their notice, among so many good books which are now issuing from the press; with the view, however, of giving you matter for half an hour's useful reflection, and as something that your parents may further explain, I take the liberty of presenting the following specimens:—

PROPERTY—LABOUR.

All the things that we see around us, belong to somebody; and these things have been got by *labour* or *working*. It has been by labour that every article has been procured. If nobody had ever done any labour, there would have been no houses, no cultivated fields, no bread to eat, no clothes to wear, no books to read, and the whole world would have been in a poor and wild state, not fit for human beings to live happily in.

Men possess all things, in consequence of some person having wrought for these things. Some men are rich, and have many things, although they never wrought much for them; but the ancestors, or fathers and grandfathers, of these men, wrought hard for the things, and have left them to their children. But all young persons must not think that they will get things given to them in this way; all except a very few must work diligently when they grow up, to get things for themselves.

After any one has wrought to make a thing, or after he has a thing given to him, that thing is his own, and no person must take it from him. If a boy get a piece of clay, and make the clay into a small ball or marble to play with, then he has laboured or wrought for it, and no other boy has any right to take it from him. The marble is the *property* of the boy who made it. Some boys are fond of keeping rabbits. If a boy have a pair of these animals, they are his property; and if he gather food for them, and take care of them till they have young ones, then the young rabbits are his property also. He would not like to find that some bad boy wished to take his rabbits from him. He would say to the bad boy, "I claim these rabbits as my property; they are mine. You never wrought for them; they are not yours." And if the bad boy still would take the rabbits, then the owner would go to a magistrate, and tell him of the bad boy's conduct, and the bad boy would be punished.

All things are the property of some persons, and these persons claim their property in the same way that the boy claims the marble that he has made, or the rabbits that he has reared. It is very just and proper that every person should be allowed to keep his own property; because, when a poor man knows that he can get property by working for it, and that no one dares to take it from him, then he will work to have things for his own use. If he knew that things would be taken from him, then he would not work at all. He would spend all his days in idleness, and live very poorly.

When one person wishes to have a thing which belongs to another, he must ask permission to take it, or he must offer to buy it; he must never on any account take the thing secretly, or by violence, or by fraud, for that would be *stealing*, and he would be a *thief*. God has said, "Thou shalt not steal;" and every one should keep his hands from picking and stealing. Some boys think, that, because they find things that are lost, they may keep these things to themselves. But the thing that is found is the property of the loser, and should be immediately restored to him without reward; it is stealing, to keep it.

* *RUDIMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE*, or Third Book of Reading, forming one of the volumes of Chambers's Educational Course.

PROFESSIONS AND TRADES.

People live by working for money to get food, clothes, houses, and all the other things which they need or would like to have. If they did not work, all the food that has already been produced would soon be eaten up, all the clothes would be worn out, and every thing else would decay, so that the inhabitants of towns, and also those of the country, would be starved, and die very miserably.

The necessity for each person working at some kind of honest labour, is an obligation laid on us by the Creator, and it is a sin to live in idleness, without a desire to work. We are also far more happy when we are working than when we are idle; and this in itself ought to cause us to follow a course of active industry.

As children are not able to work, they are supported for a number of years by their parents; but when they grow up, they are expected to go and work for themselves. Some young persons are so ignorant, or have such bad dispositions, that they think it would be pleasant for them to live always by their parents or others working for them, and so remain idle all their days. They do not seem to care how much they take from their fathers or their mothers, who are sometimes so greatly distressed with the conduct of their children, that they die of grief. This is very cruel and sinful conduct of these young persons, which no boy or girl should imitate. It is the duty of all who have health and strength, to labour for their own support.

In this large world there is room for all persons living and working at some kind of useful employment. Some are strong in body, and are fitted for working at toilsome professions; others are less strong in body, but have active minds, and they are suited for professions in which little bodily labour is required. Thus, every young person chooses the profession for which he is fitted, or which he can conveniently follow. Young persons cannot in all cases follow the business they would like; both boys and girls must often do just as their friends advise them, and then trust to their own industry.

As some choose to be one profession and some another, every profession, no matter what it be, has some persons following it as a means of living, and all assisting each other. The tailor makes clothes, the shoemaker makes shoes, the mason builds houses, the carpenter makes furniture, the printer prints books, the butcher kills animals for food, the farmer raises grain from the fields, the miller grinds the grain into flour, and the baker bakes the flour into bread. Although all these persons follow different trades, they still assist each other. The tailor makes clothes for all the others, and gets some of their things in return. The shoemaker makes shoes for all the others, and in the same manner gets some of their things in return; and, in the same manner, all the rest exchange their articles with each other. The exchange is not made in the articles themselves, for that would not be convenient; the exchange is made by means of money, which is to the same purpose.

Many persons in society are usefully employed in instructing, amusing, or taking care of others. Schoolmasters instruct youth in schools, and tutors and governesses give instructions in private families. Clergymen instruct the people in their religious duties, and endeavour to persuade them to lead a good life. Authors of books, editors of newspapers, musicians, painters of pictures, and others, delight and amuse their fellow-creatures, and keep them from wearying in their hours of leisure.

Unfortunately, some people, both young and old, are lazy or idle, and will not work at regular employment, and others spend improperly the most of the money which they earn. All these fall into a state of wretchedness and poverty. They become poor, and are a burden on society. Other persons are unfortunate in their business, and lose all that they have made, so that they become poor also. Persons who suffer hardships of this kind should be pitied, and treated with kindness by those who are able to help them. Many persons, besides, become poor by old age and infirmity, and it is proper that they should be taken care of and supported. A beggar is a poor person who does not feel ashamed to seek alms. Any one who is able to labour for a subsistence, should feel ashamed either to beg or to be classed among the poor.

God has taken care that the *wants* of all persons who labour and lead a regular life shall be satisfied. These wants are few in number, and consist chiefly of *air, food, water, warmth, and clothing*. Some of these we receive freely, but others we receive only by working for them. Some persons are contented if they can work for the bare necessities of life. If they can get only as much plain food and coarse clothing as will keep them alive, they are contented. If a person cannot, by all his industry, earn more than the bare necessities of life, it is right to be contented; but if he can easily earn money to buy comfortable food, comfortable clothing, and other means of comfort and rational enjoyment, it is wrong to be contented with the bare necessities of life.

It is the duty of every one to try to better his condition by skill and industry in any kind of lawful employment. Let him only take care to abstain from indulgence in vicious luxuries. One of the most vicious of luxuries is *spirits* or *liquors*, which some people drink to make themselves intoxicated or drunk. When a person is in this debased condition, his senses and intellect are gone, and he does not know what he is doing. He cannot walk, but staggers or rolls on the ground, and is a horrid spectacle to all who see him. Drunkenness is an odious vice, which leads to great misery and poverty, and the best way to avoid falling into it, is to abstain from tasting or using any spirits or intoxicating liquors. W. C.

In the next number of the Journal will appear the first of a series of articles by Miss Harriet Martineau, on the subject of Prison Life in America.

LONDON: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. S. OAK, Paternoster Row; and sold by all booksellers and newsmen.—Printed by Beadbury and Evans, Whitefriars.